

4 *Eng. Poetry vol 47.*
FARINGDON HILL. *K*

A

P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE MONTIUM.

OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR DANIEL PRINCE; AND SOLD BY J. WILKIE,
AT N° 71. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

M DCCC LXXIV

FARRINGTON HILL.

P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

THIS NOBILITUM TU QUOD NON

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PRINTED FOR DAVIES BY J. WILKINSON
AT NO. 11. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

116
FARINGDON HILL. so called from the neighbouring town,
is an eminence rising easily from the vale of White-Horse;
the whole of which it commands, as well as an extensive
prospect over part of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Wilt-
shire. It has a small grove on the top, which is a remarkable
land-mark, being seen at a great distance every way.

Farther west, it is said from the neighbouring town,
in a mountain rising high from the side of White Horse;
the name of which is common, as well as an extensive
district over part of Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, and Wil-
shire. It has a small grove on the top, which is a remarkable
land-mark, being seen at a great distance every way.

FARINGDON HILL.

BOOK I.

NOW the meridian sun with sultry ray
Pours on our heads intolerable day,
Amidst the effulgence of the blue serene,
No fleecy cloud, or vapory mist is seen;
The panting flocks, and herds, at ease reclined,
Catch the faint eddies of the flitting wind;
To silence hush'd is every rural sound,
And noontide spreads a solemn stillness round:
Alike our fainting limbs would now forsake
The open meadow, and the tangled brake;
Here SOL intensely glows, and there the trees
Exclude the cool refreshment of the breeze.—
Come let us quit these scenes, and climb yon brow,
Yon airy summit where the ZEPHYRS blow,
While waving o'er our heads the welcome shade,
Shuts out the sunbeams from the upland glade:

No steep ascent we scale with feverish toil,
No rocks alarm us, and no mountains foil;
But as we gently tread the rising green,
Large, and more large extends the spacious scene;
Till on the verdant top our labor crown'd;
The wide Horizon is our only bound.

What various objects scatter'd round us lie,
And charm on every side the roving eye! —
Amidst such ample stores, how shall the MUSE
Know where to turn her sight, and which to choose? —
Here lofty mountains lift their azure heads;
There its green lap the grassy meadow spreads;
Enclosures here the sylvan scene divide,
There plains extended spread their harvests wide;
Here oaks, their mossy limbs wide stretching, meet,
And form impervious thickets at our feet;
Through aromatic heaps of ripening hay,
There silver Isis wins her winding way:
And many a tower, and many a spire between,
Shoots from the groves, and cheers the rural scene.

Still

Still as I look fresh objects seem to rise,
And lovelier pictures strike my raptured eyes,
As young remembrance paints each sylvan glade,
Where full of glee my careless childhood stray'd.
Though other hills perhaps as large a field
To warm description's fairy powers may yield,
As rich a prospect to the sight display,
O'er meads as verdant, and o'er plains as gay;
Yet, when in MEMORY'S magic mirror shewn,
The country smiles with beauties not it's own;
Her fair reflection new delight supplies,
And every floweret blooms with deeper dyes;
The landscape seems to brighten while I gaze,
And PHOEBUS shines with more than summer rays;
The nodding woods a livelier verdure yield,
And thicker harvests wave o'er every field;
Even when fell winter spreads his mantle drear,
And big with snow descends the inclement year,
Let but her glass reflect the dismal view
The wither'd trees their wonted charms renew;

The feather'd tribes resume their chearing lay,
The spring her odors, and his beams the day ;
DECEMBER yields to APRIL's milder power,
And vernal blossoms grace the wintery hour.

O sacred NATURE! Nymph divinely bright !
Unfold thy various prospects to my sight ;
With thee o'er breezy mountains let me rove,
Or tread the devious labyrinth of the grove,
Clear every mist, and give my eyes to see
That beauty only is derived from thee. —
When from the east the glorious orb of day,
Shoots o'er the burnish'd cliff his golden ray,
While pearly dew-drops shed by gelid morn
Shine in the turf, or glitter on the thorn,
When splendid in meridian light array'd
His piercing beams the woodland gloom pervade,
When wrap'd in misty evening's silent reign
The increasing darkness steals across the plain,
When rob'd in virgin state the DELIAN queen
Drives her bright chariot through the deep serene,

While

While scatter'd round in fair confusion, lie
The inferior glories of the vaulted sky;
When gently o'er the flower empurpled vale
The vernal ZEPHYRS breathe a genial gale,
When, as fierce SUMMER's sultry beams descend,
With blushing fruit the loaded branches bend;
When AUTUMN crowns the hills with waving corn,
And pours profusion from his twisted horn,
While deepening shade on shade the woods are seen,
From the full crimson to the faded green;
Or when the trees their leafy honors yield,
And cheerless ruffet cloaths the dreary field;
When the cascade, by wintry fetters tied,
Must cease to murmur and the stream to glide;
While blows the storm, or falls the chilling rain,
Or fleecy snows o'erspread the whiten'd plain;
In every hour, and season, let me trace,
Enchanting NATURE! thy transcendant grace;
With eager eyes thy lovely form survey,
And bless with grateful voice thy boundless sway.
Happy the youth! on whose high honor'd head
The sacred nine their fostering influence shed,

Though

Though they refuse the lasting wreath, whose bloom
Shall grace his living brow, and deck his tomb;
For the fresh laurel give a sickly flower,
Boast of a day, and glory of an hour;
Yet taught by them his ravish'd eyes explore
The choicest objects of thy charming store:
For him their strains the sylvan warblers breathe,
For him fair MAIA twines her flowery wreath,
Fragrant for him the morning breezes blow,
The poplar trembles and the fountains flow;
'Thy various beauties strike his raptured breast,
And jocund NATURE smiles by FANCY dress'd.

Enough has FANCY frantic with delight
O'er the gay region stretch'd her vagrant flight;
Let sage Experience now with brow severe
Arrest her soaring in her bold career:
Nor thou historic Truth thy aid refuse,
But join the labors of the rural MUSE,
With friendly care the pleasing toil divide,
That while she paints the blooming landscape's pride,
Thy

Thy voice each storied relick may explain,
And teach the former fortunes of the plain.

First to the north direct your roving eyes,
Where fair OXONIA's verdant hills arise,
There BURFORD's downs invite the healthful chace,
Or urge the emulous courser to the race,
While as with agile limbs the ascent they scale,
Rush down the steep, or sweep across the vale,
Exulting hope, by turns, and chilling fear,
In the pale cheek, and eager eye appear,
Each generous fire in every heart is lost,
By fortune favour'd, or by fortune cross'd;
Flies every virtue, withers every grace,
And all the selfish passions take their place;
Blest plains! which all the good to OXFORD yield,
That GRANTA reaps from fam'd NEWMARKET's field.

Emerging from the thicket's bosom, there
See BAMPTON's pointed steeple rise in air.
To farther distance now the prospect drawn
Lo WITNEY's spire diversifies the lawn!

Whose busy loom to balmy sleep, supplies
A guard from wintry cold, and freezing skies.
There WHICHWOOD's oaks thick-waving o'er the glade
Yield to the salvage tribe an ample shade :
And in the horizon faintly tinged with blue
Thy woods imperial BLENHEIM ! close the view.
NATURE between one verdant carpet spreads
Of fruitful pastures, and enamel'd meads ;
Whose bending reeds, and osier'd banks among,
Fair ISIS rolls her virgin waves along :
Her horn while PLENTY pours on every side,
And PALES revels where her waters glide.

Hail lovely ISIS ! dear parental stream !
The pride of commerce and the poet's theme :
Though, vain of borrow'd pomp, imperious THAME,
Deck'd with the praise which ought to wait thy name,
Triumphant pours his swelling waves along,
Hail'd by the bard, and dignified in song ;
Thy silver urn the affluent tide bestows,
And from thy source the plenteous current flows :

Such

Such is the fate that female honors find,
When to a mate unequal fondly joined.
O had thy stream! like ARETHUSE of old,
Its virgin waters unpolluted roll'd,
He then through humble vales had pass'd alone,
Sung by no bard, unnoticed, and unknown;
While thine had been confess'd the unrival'd pride,
To waft in commerce with each rising tide,
With foreign spoils AUGUSTA's walls to greet,
And lay the nations tribute at her feet.
Thine been the boast to flow with current clear,
Through * meads to BRITISH Freedom ever dear,
Where the bold Barons in a happy hour,
Obtain'd her charter from a tyrant's power;
While grateful bards contended to rehearse
Thy virgin glories in no vulgar verse:
For long as WINDSOR kept her sylvan shade,
Or COOPER's swelling hill o'erlook'd the glade,
Sacred to fame thy stream had flow'd along,
In POPE's soft lays, or DENHAM's founding song.

* Runy mead, near Staines, where Magna Charta was signed.

Then as thy lucid current gently stray'd
Through fair ETONA's academic shade;
While by thy side his silver Lyre he strung,
GRAY to thy wave his dulcet notes had sung.
And many a bard in GRANTA's vale who strays,
And tunes to hoary CAM his votive lays,
Whose youthful Fancy, and invention new,
Cull'd the fresh flowers that on thy borders grew,
Had join'd to celebrate thy classic fame,
And half his tribute paid to ISIS name.

And lo! where heathy *CUMNER's envious height
Hides all thy letter'd triumph from my sight!
Where 'midst fair RHEDICINA's gothic towers,
Her hallow'd cloisters, and PIERIAN bowers,
ISIS her silver urn inclines, and views
The votive wreath of every grateful MUSE.
No rivulet there from thee their tribute draws,
Usurps thy fame, or shares their just applause:
But gentle CHERWELL hears with joy their lays,
And loves the strain that chants a sister's praise;

* Cumner hurst a hill, near Oxford.

Pleased if the MUSE to grace her head, bestows
One roseate flower that on thy Margin blows.
Nor ISIS thou with reason shalt complain
That THAMES has robb'd thee of the poet's strain;
That his too favor'd stream with princely waves
The crowded walls of proud AUGUSTA laves;
To him the verse that POPE and DENHAM raise,
And breathe the swelling note to THAMES's praise;
For him that GRAY the strain unequal'd frames,
And sings the moral ode to hoary THAMES:
Since fair OXONIA's polish'd sons unite
To vindicate thy classic current's right;
Since every MUSE to thee consigns her lays,
And every SCIENCE on thy border strays,
And every Grace, and every Art, whose powers
In symmetry have raised her dædal towers,
To listning crowds thy parent worth proclaim,
And found their pride on thy maternal name.

E'er yet such scenes of pomp thy channel knows,
While humbly here thy lingering streamlet flows,

While yet thy virgin waves inglorious glide,
Sung by no MUSE, nor boast a classic tide;
Say wilt thou here incline thy urn, to heed
The inglorious warbling of my doric reed?
Though here no city spread her various stores,
No costly villas crown thy peopled shores;
Yet all the charms that rural peace can yield
Attend thy progress through each smiling field.
The flocks, and herds, here crowd thy rushy brink,
Graze on thy fides or from thy bosom drink:
And every herb, and every flower that blows
On the green margin where thy current flows;
If a luxuriant bloom they justly boast,
Beyond thy produce of another coast,
As in thy glassy wave their charms they see,
Shall own they owe each vivid tint to thee.

* Yet glittering spears have here been whilom seen,
And purple war has stain'd thy osiers green:
Here hostile swords have shed a horrid gleam,
And floating corpes choked thy frightened stream;

* There was a battle fought in Richard the second's time at Radcot bridge just below Faringdon.

While

While civil discord drove, with hideous roar
The trembling NAIADS from thy widow'd shore.
Ah! ne'er may war again thy seats invade,
Or armies glitter by thy willows shade;
But heaven-born Peace with Plenty in her train
Fix on thy sedgy banks her halcyon reign.

* Here too more fell than wars destructive race,
Has SUPERSTITION shewn her gorgon face:
Here where thy chearing stream with gentle waves
These fertile meads, and verdant pastures laves,
Where now unwearied industry resides,
And toil exulting tills thy fruitful fides,
For LIBERTY protects the happy fwains,
And PROPERTY secures what labor gains;
Erst the rich soil though cultured, useless lay,
To monkish ease, and luxury a prey,
While distant abbeys with thy wealth were stored,
The BRITISH subjects of a foreign lord.
When bigot JOHN despotic power to gain,
Found open force, and treacherous cunning vain:

* The Manor and Hundred of Faringdon ^{were} ~~was~~ granted by K. John to the abby of Beaulieu
in the New Forest, Hants.

His nobles daring spirit still unbroke
Spurning with manly pride the galling yoke;
With ROME's anathema's he arm'd his hand,
And papal thunders shook the trembling land;
Thirsting for lawless sway, he stooped to own
His crown dependant on a distant throne,
To distant lords ignoble homage gave,
To reign at home a tyrant, and a slave.
'Twas then the ravenous monks, a fordid crew,
O'er all the wasted land like locusts flew,
Each rich demesne that to the crown remain'd,
By right, by forfeiture, or conquest gain'd,
Was given to gratify the Churches pride,
And bribe the holy cohorts to his side.
Even 'mid those scenes of devastation wild,
Where WILLIAM's power the fertile district spoil'd,
The wondering traveller saw with wild surprize
Aspiring structures 'midst the desert rise;
And where no trace of man's abode was seen,
No noise disturb'd the tenants of the green,
Save the seas breaking o'er the sounding shore,
Or the faint dashing of the distant oar;

There

There haughty BEAULIEU's gothic arches bend,
And high in air her glittering spires ascend ;
While the wild forest's hairy sons around
Start at the unusual anthem's swelling sound.
These fruitful plains, in that unhappy hour
Of papal sway, and sacerdotal power,
Were given the new-raised abbey to maintain,
And distant BEAULIEU ruled the fair domain :
The famish'd swain beheld with mournful eye
The verdant meadows round him useless lie,
While pamper'd ignorance, and priestly pride,
The rich productions of the land divide.
Till HENRY's haughty soul the bondage broke,
Redeem'd the nation from the servile yoke,
And suffer'd active industry once more
To dwell fair Isis ! by thy happy shore ;
Hence as these blooming fields, (thus heaven decreed,)
A tyrant shackled, so a tyrant freed.

Yet now, as through the abbey's mouldering dome
The MUSES oft with wandering footsteps roam,

And,

And, while with silver radiance LUNA's beam
 Shoots through the lengthening isles a trembling gleam,
 As pensive meditation points the way,
 By ruin'd piles, and nodding towers they stray;
 See o'er the impending arch the ivy spread,
 And gothic pillars threat the passer's head:
 Struck with the awful scene, the astonish'd train
 Bewail the fall of SUPERSTITION's reign.
 Hence many a bard has o'er the ruins hung,
 And mourn'd the devastation as he sung;
 Has error's fate, in plaintive verse deplored,
 And wept the day that reason's rights restored.

As bending upward towards her scanty source
 We backward trace the river's narrowing course,
 Her pointed spire see * LECHLADE proudly rears!
 And lowly CRICKLADE on her banks appears;
 † CRICKLADE, where first, when GRÆCIA's letter'd train
 By slavery exiled from their native plain,

* A Market town in Gloucestershire lying on the Isis.

† Creeklade is a town in Wiltshire, from which the navigation of the Isis begins; said to have been originally called Greeklade, from the Greek language being first taught there in England. Though Campden seems to doubt this.

To fair HESPERIA's vales their science bore,
And GALLIA's fields, and ALBION's distant shore,
Were pour'd O ISIS on thy raptur'd ear,
Those strains ILISSUS stream was wont to hear ;
While GRÆCIA's Muse, around whose matron brow
Had twined the ATHENIAN olive's fruitful bough ;
Forced by the rage of MAHOMET's savage host,
To quit with lingering step BYZANTIUM's coast :
Her drooping forehead with thy osiers bound,
And on thy brink a new LYCEUM found,
Till wooed by princely gifts, these peaceful bowers
She left, for GRANTA's and OXONIA's towers.
And here thy waves, by learning yet unknown,
To busy commerce sacred flow alone,
Where first the loaded raft, and cumberous barge,
Trust to thy placid breast their weighty charge.

Ah ISIS ! can the MUSE forget that hand,
Whose wanton cruelty thy ruin plan'd ?
Or not forgetting, from resentment free,
Recall the hours that threaten'd fate to thee? —

C

When

When vain * projectors doom'd thy stream to flow
Through meads, neglected, lingering, sad, and slow.
Till the o'er loaded wave should scarcely force
Through gathering sand, and sedge, it's laboring course:
While in thy stead their plastic power should guide
The stagnate lake, by wintry rains supplied.
Perish such schemes! nor by their use be lost
The noblest river, BRITAIN'S Isle can boast! —
Let channels form'd by art, be ever led
Where no fair current wears a native bed;
Then through the obstructing hill, and o'er the vale,
Like EGERTON conduct the swelling sail:
Even ISIS shall applaud, if from her source,
To where SABRINA pours her amber course;
They'll bid the smooth canal it's length display,
And feed with copious springs the tedious way:
Till the fraught barge the long extent explores,
From BRISTOL's crowded warf, to LONDON's princely shores.

More westward when we cast our wandering eyes,
Level as oceans bed the champaign lies:

* Alluding to the scheme of cutting a canal instead of continuing the navigation of the river.

While like some promontory's rugged brow,
Proud *BADBURY's height o'erlooks the plain below,
Where in yon SAXON camp, the mill its sails
Spreads to the wind, and courts the rising gales.
Beneath how open lies the spacious scene!
No lofty mountains envious intervene;
But o'er the extended lawns our fancies stray,
Till lost in hazy mists they fade away,
By faint degrees the distant prospect dies,
And the blue landscape melts into the skies.

Where gently COLLE's pellucid waters glide,
Here †FAIRFORD rears her tower with conscious pride;
Whose windows with historic painting dight,
Arrest the curious traveller's wondering sight:
And there conspicuous 'mid the lawny glade,
Fair CIRENCESTER spreads her ample shade.
Hail happy seat! whose twilight glooms among,
Full many a bard has raised the tuneful song.

* A high hill, between Faringdon and Colehill, where there are the remains of an encampment.

† Fairford is a town in Gloucestershire, famous for the painted glass in the church windows.

Grows not an oak his hundred arms who spreads
O'er the gay verdure of thy fruitful meads,
Sighs not a grotto to thy murmuring gales,
Nor flows a fountain through thy winding vales;
But seems a classic influence to diffuse,
To Science dear, and haunted by the MUSE:
Who oft as morning pours her misty ray,
Or fades the glimmering beam of parting day,
Explores each nodding grove, and every plain,
Sacred to her, and all her favorite train.
These scenes could ADDISON's chaste notes inspire,
Here POPE harmonious struck his silver lyre,
Caught 'midst these solemn shades the glorious plan,
"To vindicate the ways of GOD to man."
ARBUTHNOT here, and SWIFT, with useful art
Rear'd Satire's dreaded scourge, or steel'd her dart:
Here form'd the GRACES PRIOR's mellifluous lay,
And taught the moral strain to blameless GAY,
Each pleased the master's praises to engage,
The famed MÆCENAS of that happier age.

After

After such bards, O BATHURST wilt thou deign
To mark the notes of my inglorious strain?
Shall I presume in these degenerate days
To form one humble verse to BATHURST'S praise?
Yes thou wilt deign my artless notes to hear,
Wilt to my strain inglorious bend thine ear;
And as thy patronage, with noontide ray,
Bade to full vigour shoot the verdant bay,
Taught it the storms of envy to deride,
And spread it's waving boughs with summer pride;
So thy declining beam with milder power,
Shall shed it's influence on the autumnal flower.

O blest old man! on thy thrice happy head
Her choicest gifts has smiling fortune shed;
Has been for once from taste capricious free,
And true to virtue's cause in favoring thee.
As ANNA'S hand around thy youthful brow
Thy country's fairest honors taught to grow;
So now, while JUSTICE bids exulting fame
Tell to succeeding times her APSLEY'S name,

Marking the source from whence his merit flows,
 A fresher wreath thy grateful Prince bestows.
 Meantime, disarm'd of all his hostile rage,
 Lenient on thee descends the weight of age;
 While still thy soul preserves her wonted power,
 To charm the letter'd or the social hour.
 No sharp disease attends his gentle reign,
 Nor palsied indolence nor wasting pain,
 But healthful through the woods thy footsteps stray,
 Where thy own oaks their gloomy shade display:
 For to thy lot of all mankind is given
 That joy peculiar by indulgent heaven,
 To see, while round the barbarous hand of taste
 Deforms the grove, and lays the forest waste;
 O'er each uncultured hill, and barren glade,
 Thy rising thickets spread unusual shade,
 And in their full luxuriance dress'd, display
 Their waving foliage to the face of day.

May thy example BRITAIN'S lords inspire!
 O may they catch from thee the patriot fire!

Then

Then shall the **DRYADS**, and their sprightly train
Rove o'er the extent of many a barren plain:
O'er the bleak waste, where dreary heath, and skies
Fatigue the sight, the forest then should rise;
Again on **WINDSOR**'s heights the woods be seen,
And all her sable hills be cloath'd with green;
Her russet mountains send their oaks once more
To waft confusion to some hostile shore.

What though **BRITANNIA**'s plains manured with care
Refuse the plants of every soil to bear;
What though no olive grows among her vales,
No citron groves perfume her balmy gales,
Though **INDIA**'s spicy forests are denied,
Nor spreads **JUDEA**'s palm her leafy pride;
Yet her thick woods unnumber'd trees produce,
Sacred at once to ornament, and use.
With verdant beech her towering hills are spread,
And **SCOTIA**'s pine erects her gloomy head:

The

While

The shapely fir that graced * OLYMPUS' brow
 Deigns o'er her heights to wave her silver bough,
 And holy LEBANON thy cedars rise,
 Hang o'er her cliffs nor dread her northern skies;
 The elm, and pliant ash, a vigorous train
 Deck with resplendent green the smiling plain;
 The bending willow o'er the marshy glade,
 And shining poplar shed a trembling shade;
 And many a hardy plant is wafted o'er,
 To grace her forests from the ATLANTIC shore,
 Whose branches rising from the kindred soil,
 Mix with her trees, and pay the planter's toil.
 Here too matured by many rolling years,
 Above the rest her native oak appears;
 Whose giant limbs extend her noblest boast,
 Pride of her groves, and bulwark of her coast.

Sure when the DRUID train with awful rite,
 In pious orgies past the dreary night;

* The fir that Tournefort says grows in such abundance on Mount Olympus, is what we call the silver fir, which agrees remarkably well with this climate, and will bear the most exposed situations; as will also that beautiful evergreen the Cedar of Libanus: though the last is rather slow of growth.

While,

While, as their steps the hallow'd trunk furround,
 The mystic mistletoe their foreheads bound;
 They meant to teach their sons succeeding race,
 To venerate the groves that deck'd the place.
 O ever on BRITANNIA's grateful breast,
 Unhurt by time, this image be impress'd!
 Still may her heart that sacred tree adore,
 Which keeps invasion from her peaceful shore:
 So shall each storm of war whose fatal sway
 Speeds o'er her neighbouring realms its bloody way,
 Break like the harmless gale against her coast,
 Its force unheeded, and its fury lost;
 As her own oak defies the headlong course
 Of warring winds, and mocks the tempest's force.

Nor does fair ALBION view with envious eye
 The ripe productions of a southern sky.
 Let the rich vineyard spread its purple stores
 O'er GALLIA's coasts, and LUSITANIA's shores;
 Where with hard hands the tawny peasants press
 The swelling grape, a foreign board to bless:

D

Though

Though 'neath our rougher heaven the docile vine
Around the lofty elm refuse to twine,
Yet has POMONA with no niggard hand
Her blushing orchards scatter'd o'er the land;
Whose ruddy fruits a generous stream produce
Strong as the curling vine's inspiring juice.
Our humble vales the hop's green tendrils grace
Clasping their stays in many a close embrace;
These to the bearded barley's harvest join'd,
By skill concocted, and with care refined,
A liquor yield, that BRITAIN'S sons draw forth
Mantling, and bright, the vintage of the north
Which crowns the humble, and the haughty board,
And cheers alike the peasant, and the lord;
Regales o'erwearied labor at his toil,
And teaches fainting industry to smile:
The thankful swain beholds the goblet shine,
Nor envies other lands their rosy wine,
Where slavish hinds with skillful hands prepare
The luscious beverage, which they must not share.
Refresh'd with this BRITANNIA'S sons sustain
The keenest labors of the toilsome plain;

Nor

Nor when the hours of work are past, employ
The vacant ^{even} ~~hours~~ in gay luxurious joy,
Trill the loose air, or beat the echoing ground
To the soft flute, or tabor's sprightly sound ;
But with knit limbs on rougher pastime bent,
They strain their sinews to their full extent :
Direct the quoit, or hurl the maffy bar,
Or wage with brawny arms the sportive war.
In other realms, to humble swains unknown
While honor fires nobility alone,
Our meanest peasants share the generous flame,
And learn to glow at freedom's hallow'd name ;
Hence have they rushing to the unequal field,
Made hosts unnumber'd to their ardor yield.
Hence CRESSY's fight, POITIER's victorious fray,
Hence glorious AGINCOURT, thy wonderous day !
Hence EUROPE saved near DANUBE's distant flood ;
And BLENHEIM's ramparts red with GALLIC blood !
And hence those manly deeds renew'd again
On ABRAHAM's heights, and MINDEN's trophied plain.

O ne'er may fell corruption's tainting force
Poison of all our pride this happy source!
To false refinement with destructive pains
Polish the manly roughness of our swains:
Exiled from other realms, while here alone
Fair Liberty erects her holy throne,
The exulting train, her glorious gifts who share
Will scorn of foreign crowds the suppliant air:
Who sees our clowns obsequious, sees the day
That gives our glory and our rights away.
In vain would laws guard Freedom's sacred shrine,
If Freedom's sons their native worth resign;
In vain shall fraud attempt, or force alarm,
While valor steels the breast, and labor nerves the arm.

FARINGDON

FARINGDON HILL.

BOOK II.

THE sultry hours are past: and Phœbus now
 Illumes with yellower rays the mountains brow:
Drinking the effulgence of departing day,
The broken clouds unnumber'd tints display;
Presenting to our eyes a radiant view
ITALIA's purpled ether never knew.
The eastern prospect now attracts the sight
Where every shrub reflects the setting light:
With ruddy flash the cottage casement gleams,
And shines the waving wood with golden beams.

Where ISIS stream divides yon distant glade,
Lo *NEWNHAM rises 'midst the sombre shade;
While at her feet, where the clear current bends,
The lofty spire of ABINGDON ascends:

* The seat of Earl Harcourt.

On

On * CHERBURY's ramparts, urged by peaceful toil,
 The shining plowshare turns the fruitful soil,
 Where erst the peasant saw with anxious fear
 The gleaming falchion, and protended spear:
 On † HINTON's verdant brow the lofty trees
 Tremble obedient to the evening breeze:
 And ‡ PUSEY her inverted dome surveys
 In the smooth stream that through her meadows strays.
 With every charm of rural beauty gay,
 See || BUCKLAND here it's lovely scenes display!
 In the deep gloom of yon impervious bowers,
 There § CARSWELL hides her hospitable towers:
 And at our feet where the rich pastures spread,
 And ‡‡ WADLEY rears her renovated head,
 As art, and active labor join'd improve
 Each fair extended lawn, and rising grove,
 New scenes unfolding still on every side,
 Declare the affluence industry supplied.

* An encampment, said to be Danish, between Abingdon and Faringdon.

† The Seat of the Reverend Mr John Loder.

‡ The Seat of Mrs Allen.

|| The Seat of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.

§ The Seat of Edward Southby, Esq;

‡‡ The Seat of Charles Pye, Esq;

Blush ! Blush ye sons of power ! who proudly stand
Rich in the ruins of your native land :
Who every virtue, every right have sold,
For royal smiles, or ministerial gold ;
Proud on your breasts a glittering badge to bear,
True honor hates, and freedom scorns to wear,
If worth, or shewn in peace, or proved in war,
Shed not a livelier lustre than the star.
Blush ye fell race ! who cross'd the briny flood,
Foes to mankind ! and prodigal of blood !
With wanton rage to waft pale famine o'er
From ALBION'S cliffs, to sad BENGALA'S shore :
Who lured by gold, and deaf to nature's cries,
View'd starving myriads with unpitying eyes,
Whose dying breath, not pour'd to heaven in vain,
With curses loaded BRITAIN'S savage train ;
Till BRITAIN'S senate, fired with patriot flame,
Resolved to vindicate their country's fame,
Bade ENGLAND'S laws to GANGES' banks extend,
And equal rule the INDIAN'S life defend.

Though

Though GRÆCÆ's orders grace your marble dome,
 Though blooms the fairest landscape where ye roam,
 Yet sacred Justice shall your seats pervade,
 And conscience haunt you through the deepest shade:
 Whilst him, whose peaceful barks with swelling sails
 Court, fraught with every good, the prosperous gales;
 Whose wealth the useful arts of commerce raise,
 Mankind shall honor, and the MUSE shall praise:
 But if like thine O CHARLES! his generous heart
 The smiles of fortune to his friends impart:
 If heaven that gave him affluence, gave him too
 A soul to every social duty true:
 Virtue with joy shall chant his favor'd name,
 And give a wreath beyond the power of fame;
 While all who know his worth exulting, find
 That fortune blessing him, has blest mankind.

Lo *SHELLINGFORD, and †STANFORD, 'midst the train
 Of hoary trees that skirt yon level plain,
 The lofty tower, and pointed spire display
 Conspicuous, glittering in the western ray:

* A Seat of Lord Spencer's.

† A Village between Wantage and Faringdon.

And on yon hill its distant head that rears,
 * LOCKINGE thy whiten'd dome aloft appears !
 Beneath what woodland nymph with artful hand
 The vaulted grotto's sparry roof has plan'd,
 Taught the rude arch with pendant ore to shine,
 And ranged each bright production of the mine?
 No sylvan Goddess this retreat can claim,
 Form'd by the fancy of a mortal dame;
 Who from yon humble vale's irriguous bed,
 To the high cliff the chrystal fountain led,
 Thence bade in murmurs soft the lucid wave
 Pour its fair current through the craggy cave,
 Where every NAIAD 'midst the rocks reclined,
 Approves what taste, and WYMONDESOLD design'd.

Ye envious trees! why does your leafy pride
 Stretch'd o'er the bending valley WANTAGE hide?—
 Sure every MUSE, and every GRACE, will join
 With votive hands the fairest wreath to twine;

* The Seat of Charles Wymondesfold Esq; where there is a most beautiful Grotto, entirely formed by the taste, and in great measure by the hands of Mrs Wymondesfold.

Cull with assiduous hand the choicest flowers,
And hang the brightest garland on her towers:
While grateful Liberty shall love the shade,
Her guardian chief, where fostering Virtue laid;
And BRITAIN'S Genius blest the hallow'd earth
Which gave her patriot king, her ALFRED birth.

That equal laws these happy regions share
Springs glorious prince! from thy paternal care.
Through the dark mists that error o'er mankind
Tenfold had spread, and wrap'd the human mind;
At thy command fair Science shot her light,
And chased the horrid gloom of GOTHIC night;
To Isis brink the wandering MUSES led,
And taught each drooping art to rear her head:
Hence verdant while around thy victor brow,
The warrior laurel ever loves to grow,
MINERVA 'midst it's branches interweaves
With grateful hand her olive's peaceful leaves.
Thine is the gift that here no alien crew,
To venal interest more than justice true,

Judge

Judge with un pitying brow misfortune's cause,
With cruel power, enforcing cruel laws,
But watchful THEMIS o'er each freeman rears
That sacred shield, THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS,
By which protected BRITAIN'S dauntless train
See factions rage, and tyrants frown in vain.
O dear-bought freedom! if thy holy flame
Burns in our souls, nor rests an empty name!
If for thy sake the kindling warmth we feel
Unwarp'd by selfish views, or party zeal,
May we with wakeful, nay with jealous eye
Regard this hallow'd source of Liberty;
This once attack'd on which her rights depend,
May every breast the guardian power defend,
Each patriot tongue assert our injured laws,
And pour resistless sounds in freedom's cause;
Each patriot arm should eloquence be vain
Lift the dread falchion on the embattled plain;
May we with more than ancient zeal pursue,
Rights ROME, and boasted SPARTA never knew.
Guard this PALLADIUM with our latest breath,
Or perish with it in a glorious death!

Where from the fertile plain yon mountains rise,
Quit the low vales and shoot into the skies,
Carved rudely on the pendant sod, is seen
The * snow-white courser stretching o'er the green:
The antique figure scan with curious eye,
The glorious monument of victory!
There ENGLAND rear'd her long dejected head,
There ALFRED triumph'd, and invasion bled.
Long had proud DENMARK stretch'd the iron hand
Of harsh oppression, o'er the groaning land;
The freeborn swains to mean subjection broke,
In silent sorrow bore the opprobrious yoke:
Their virtuous prince to wilds, and forests driven,
No shed to screen him from the inclement heaven,
Hears all around his subjects cries ascend,
And sees them sink unable to defend;
Chaced by his foes disguised he treads the plain,
A wretched exile in his own domain!

* White horse hill, so called from the figure of a horse in chalk, on the side of the hill; from which also the adjacent vale takes its name: it is said to have been cut in commemoration of a victory gained over the Danes, by Alfred.

Much hardship born, and many dangers past,
On suffering virtue fortune smiles at last :
Chear'd by her first approach, the indignant chief
Rush'd forth undaunted to his friends relief ;
Leaves every fear, and every doubt behind.—
High waves the SAXON banner to the wind !
Fired at the sight the country far, and wide,
Pours forth her veteran sons on every side ;
His trusty bow each hardy yeoman draws,
Or lifts his shining brand in freedom's cause :
Freedom resounds from each determined voice,
Freedom the first, and death the second choice ;
Courage, and conquest o'er their helmets play,
The invader trembled at the dread array,
Onward resistless march'd the impetuous host,
And fell oppression fled the hostile coast :
The exulting steed in conquering standards flies,
While DENMARK's raven screaming quits the skies ;
And hence the victor's jocund hands portray'd
The SAXON ensign, on yon verdant glade.

His

His country freed, discerning ALFRED saw
How vain the civil bond of social law;
Of crowds untrain'd how weak the hasty aid,
When force prevails, and barbarous hosts invade.
That policy which guards each modern throne
Was then to Europe's bounded kings unknown,
No artful statesman then with treacherous breast,
Arm'd half a people to enslave the rest,
A tyrant's call while ready troops attend,
If foes attack, or subjects dare offend.
With milder care a rampart firm he plan'd
To save from future foes the happy land,
The noblest rampart liberty can find,
When freemen guard, the freedom of mankind.
He taught each sturdy laborer of the field,
The sickle, and the sword by turns to wield:
With chearful industry the generous swains,
Till for their wealthy lords the peaceful plains;
Or roused from rural toil by wars alarms
Beneath their well known banners rush to arms.

Let

Let other realms where freedom never smiled,
O'er-awed by rigor, or by fraud beguiled,
See mercenary bands surround the throne,
Or safety seek from alien arms alone:
But shall not ENGLAND blush for every son
Too proud to guard the rights his fires have won?
Rights in whose cause full many a warrior stood,
By toil obtain'd, and seal'd with patriot blood!
Though envy frown, though venal millions blame,
Shall she not ever love her CHATHAM's name,
Who while on distant climes her rage he pour'd,
Prudent at home this best defence restored;
Her manly sons array'd with parent care,
Aroused once more her rustic youth to war,
And bade her breezy hills, and fruitful plains,
Send forth in arms again their native swains.
Lives there a man in this exulting isle,
Who sees our orchards bloom, our harvests smile,
Who every breath in perfect freedom draws,
His rights protected by the noblest laws;
Would wish to break the fence by wisdom plan'd,
And wrest the sword from every freeman's hand,

Wish to behold our bare defenceless coasts
Unarm'd, or guarded but by foreign hosts?
Dare thy strong powers O eloquence employ,
This best internal bulwark to destroy?—
Though every guile of specious fraud he use,
'Mid listening crowds his poison to infuse;
Try every wile his curs'd designs to hide:—
Superior truth his cunning shall deride,
Shall tear each paltry, mean disguise away,
Expose his rancour to the face of day;
His selfish views to all mankind impart,
And shew the traitor graven on his heart.

Now turn your eyes and from the mountain's brow
Direct them to the cultured vale below;
How rich the spacious plains that stretch between!
How ripe the harvests, and the meads how green?
The herds in myriads o'er the pastures throng;
And mingled lowings break each rural song.
Where e'er with patient care the laborer's hand
Guides the sharp plow-share through the fertile land;

The

The farmers see the produce crown their toil,
Eye the rich scene, and bless the happy soil.

Soon shall the yellow wealth whose swelling grains
The stalk low bending hardly now sustains,
Stored in the barn with jocund labor; yield
To every rural sport the uncumber'd field.
The pointer then shall o'er the stubbled vale
Range unconfined, and catch the tainted gale:
The hound's quick scent, or greyhound's eager view,
O'er the smooth plain the timid hare pursue;
Then swelling on the burthen'd breeze afar,
Shall burst the tumult of the woodland war;
While rush the daring youth with breathless speed
To see the wily fox unpity'd bleed.
Let not the MUSE the jocund labor chide,
Or from the chace her eyes indignant hide:
Though gentle * SHENSTONE thought the hunter's throat
Drown'd with its clamorous strain, the lyric note:
Though pensive THOMSON indolently laid
Beneath the silver willows trembling shade,

* O peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre.

Baiting with cruel art the treacherous hook,
To lure the guileless inmates of the brook :
Blame, as his hands the barbed weapon draw
From the mute wretches agonizing jaw ;
Those who in manly sport with frantic joy,
The rapid tenants of the wood destroy :
Yet has the warbling lyre in many a strain
Described the active pleasures of the plain ;
The moral bard of WINDSOR's royal groves,
Sings of the hunter, and his toil approves ;
Even he whose verse to mortal eyes has given
The wrath of angels, and the wars of heaven ;
* Joyful has listen'd to the hounds, and horn,
Rousing with chearful peal the slumbering morn :
Nor shall with brow averse the rural MUSE
To SOMERVILLE the Poet's meed refuse,
Whose skilful notes each sylvan pastime trace,
And teach the various mazes of the chace ;
Whence livelier thoughts, and lighter spirits rise,
Strength knits the limbs and health adorns the eyes,

* Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Chearly rouse the slumbering morn.

Glows in the ruddy cheek a purer blood,
And rolls the tide of life a sprightlier flood.

Propitious now on BRITAIN'S favor'd isle
Though white-rob'd Peace and jocund Plenty smile;
Though while her wrath on hostile shores is hurl'd,
Unhurt she sits amidst a warring world;
Say have the tranquil scenes which now we see
Been ever such, and must they ever be?
Ah! may not civil discord stalk again
With bloody footsteps, o'er her ravaged plain?
Or fell invasion waste her fenceless coast
Her guardian fleet by adverse tempests toss'd?
Then, if our country's bleeding breast demands
The aid of dauntless breasts, and ready hands,
To the stout race who haunt the hill and dale
Will nothing then the hunter's toil avail?—
While round her feeble votary's drooping brow,
What verdant wreaths shall letter'd sloth bestow?
In vain may patriot zeal the bosom warm,
If pale disease unnerve the willing arm:

While the bold youth whose hardy frame defies
The force of fighting winds, and angry skies;
Who braving winter's rage pursues the chace,
The fleetly tempest rattling in his face;
Or when the dog star shoots his sultry rays,
Ranges unconquer'd by the scorching blaze;
Shall, if he lead BRITANNIA'S rustic train,
To the dread conflict of some bloody plain;
Shrink not though summer suns their beams unfold,
Or biting frosts intensely pierce with cold,
But freedom's call with stedfast march pursue
Through noontide's sultry heat, or midnight's chilling dew.

Too much the enervate bards of modern days
Attune to slothful ease their moral lays;
The seats of ancient lore their favorite theme,
LYCEUM'S shade, and hoary ACADEME,
Forgetful that the stadium's hardy toil,
The boxer's cæstus, and the wrestler's oil,
Sent GRÆCIA'S heroes forth a vigorous train,
Learn'd in the schools and victors on the plain.

The

The * ATHENIAN sage, his Country's pride, and shame,
Is known to martial, as to letter'd fame;
Now did he sooth with truth's divine behest,
Young ALCIBIADES thy fervent breast,
Now through the paths of war thy steps he led,
And † rear'd his guardian buckler o'er thy head.
And ‡ he whose mind with active virtue fraught,
Practiced each lesson that his master taught,
Not satisfied of love divine to dream,
And frame republics by ILISSUS' stream;
The illustrious chief who led his glorious band
O'er barren rocks, and deserts black with sand,
Still undismay'd amidst surrounding woes,
Still scattering terror on unnumber'd foes,
Learn'd 'midst the echoing forests to sustain
'The toils of war and all her horrid train,
Then taught descending to the embattled field,
BARBARIAN rage, and PERSIAN wiles to yield.

* Socrates.

† Plutarch mentions the circumstance of Alcibiades being wounded at Potidæa, and rescued by Socrates.

‡ Xenophon.

Let Luxury's filken sons with careless pride
The votaries firm of manly toil deride,
Wrap'd in inglorious sloth, let them despise
The noble thirst of daring enterprise.
But shall the MUSE, whose hand should point the road
Which leads through rugged ways to fame's abode;
Whose voice should loudly chant each hero's name,
To wake in other minds a kindred flame?—
Shall she inglorious now in firen lays
Bestow on harmless indolence her praise;
Damp the strong flame that warms the noble breast,
And hush each generous passion into rest?
Shall she to those alone consign the song
Who pass unknown life's tranquil vale along,
And blame the dauntless few who dare explore
The dangerous rocks of bold ambition's shore;
Who tempt with venturous prow life's stormy seas,
And toil themselves to buy for others ease;
Unawed by tyrant power, or factious hate,
Who tread with blameless feet the paths of state;

Or

Or pluck bright honor's sacred meed afar,
Undaunted, from the frowning front of war?
Well may with pious hand the indignant MUSE
To many a victor's brow the wreath refuse,
Well may she tear the laurel vainly spread
O'er many a king's, and many a warrior's head;
And curse a CÆSAR's, or a CROMWELL's name,
Though erring myriads call their ravage fame.
But shall not those for freedom's sacred meed
Who bravely conquer, or who bravely bleed,
A tribute from the peaceful bard expect,
Sung by those MUSES whom their swords protect?
Say cannot GREECE and ROME their warriors bring,
To whom even virtue's hand might strike the string?
Say cannot ALBION, 'mongst whose sons we find
All that exalts and dignifies mankind;
Say cannot she afford such themes of praise,
As well might grace the poet's chastest lays?
She can!—She can!—Her ALFRED planning laws,
Her HAMPDEN bleeding in their injured cause;
Guiding with uncorrupted hands the state
Her WALSINGHAM in spite of fortune great;

Reign'd

Resign'd in weeping, victory's arms his breath
 Her gallant WOLF triumphant even in death;
 Her HAWK whose ardor rocks, nor shoals could bar,
 Nor the dread rage of elemental war,
 While his bold fleet the GAUL's design explores,
 Destroys his navy, and insults his shores;
 Are themes whose force the coldest bard may fire,
 To call forth rapture from his sounding lyre,
 While Truth shall listen to the warbling strings,
 And Reason justify what Fancy sings.

Enough rash MUSE! tempt not the arduous height
 Which asks the Epic, or Pindaric flight:
 'To the fair vale again reduce the lay,
 E'er envious twilight snatch the scene away;
 For evening's shades with deepening tint prevail,
 And darkness soon shall wrap the misty dale.
 Here towering * COLESHILL boasts her well known name,
 Proud of her site, and of her artists fame,
 There, shelter'd from the storm by bowering trees,
 The milder charms of verdant † BECKET please.

* The Seat of Lord Folkestone, built by Inigo Jones.

† The Seat of Lord Barrington.

What though her level lawn nor sinks, nor swells,
Forms rising hills, or hollow-winding dells;
Yet every friend to genuine taste, who roves
Or by her shining lakes, or through her groves;
Shall see a grace in every solemn shade,
And own that beauty crowns each watry glade.

Contract the prospect now and mark more near
Fair FARINGTON her humble turret rear,
* Where once the tapering spire conspicuous grew,
Till civil strife the sacred pile o'erthrew:
For as on hapless STUART'S ruin bent,
Against yon walls their lord his thunder sent,
And led with ruthless rage the hostile train,
While his own weeping LARES plead in vain;
The balls invade, with erring fury driven,
The hallow'd structure consecrate to heaven.
Such is alas the baleful fruit that springs,
From factious subjects and oppressive kings!

* Faringdon House had a royal garrison in the civil wars, and was one of the last places that held out for the king; repulsing with great loss a large party of the Parliament forces, after the surrender of Oxford. Sir Robert Pye owner of the house, who married a daughter of Hampden, and was a Colonel in the Parliament army, commanded this attack, in which the spire of Faringdon Church was beat down by the artillery.

Beneath yon roof by the cold pavement press'd,
My peaceful fires in solemn silence rest. —
Imagination flags her pinions here,
And o'er the marble drops the filial tear,
Here too the MUSE prepares the votive verse,
The mournful tribute to a parent's herse; —
O sacred name! by every tie endear'd!
Loved by your friends, by all who knew revered.
How well you bore to freedom ever just
This fertile county's delegated trust,
The BRITISH senate saw, when firm you stood,
Firm to fair virtue's cause, and ENGLAND'S good;
Friend to the worth from patriot zeal that springs,
No dupe to faction, and no slave to kings.
How far your private merits could extend,
How kind a father, and how true a friend,
My faltering voice would strive to sing in vain,
For gushing tears would choak the imperfect strain;
The force of words unequal to impart
The strong sensations of my heaving heart.

Here

Here ever slumbering with the silent dead,
Thy daughter, glorious HAMPDEN! rests her head.
Ah cruel mother! say, why does not here
Thy youthful HAMPDEN press his early bier?
Why does no storied urn his worth proclaim,
Who shared his grandfire's virtues with his name?—
Untimely on a distant shore he died,
The wretched victim of a parent's pride.

Ye mourning Loves and Graces aid the verse,
While I in plaintive notes his woes rehearse;
To these his native fields his wrongs relate.
The hapless story of a Lover's fate.
His youthful form could boast each manly grace,
Health strung his nerves, and beauty deck'd his face;
Ingenuous shame, and truth that scorns disguise,
Glow in his cheek, and sparkle in his eyes:
But ah! when manhood now with genial ray
Began to call his virtues into day,
Love! all controuling love! whose fatal power
Spares the rank weed, to crop the blushing flower,

Nip'd all his ripening graces in their bloom,
And early mark'd his merits for the tomb.

An aged swain whose lowly cottage stood
Where 'midst the valley spreads yon rising wood,
A lovely daughter had, whose matchless form
The frozen heart of senseless age might warm.
With falling snow her polish'd skin could vie,
Her lips the coral shamed, the jet her eye:
There love, and modesty, united speak,
And opening roses paint her glowing cheek;
The soft redundance of her hair behind,
Flow'd loose, and careless wanton'd in the wind;
Such powerful charms the youthful HAMPDEN fire,
He saw perfection, and he felt desire:
The growing passion every thought employs,
Disturbs his peace, and poisons all his joys.
MARIA'S image ever in his breast
His daily ease destroys, and nightly rest;
From his wan cheek the lively crimson flies,
And smiling health forsakes his sinking eyes:

No

No more his well breath'd hounds at early dawn
Ranging, dash eager o'er the dewy lawn;
Now sad he wanders through the sylvan glades,
And sighs responsive to the lonesome shades,
Each mountain answers to his mournful tale,
And pensive numbers float on every gale.

But, as encreasing love resistless grew,
From his torn bosom vanquish'd prudence flew;
To fair MARIA's feet he sighing came,
Confess'd her empire and avow'd his flame;
Soon his soft words the beauteous virgin move,
And secret HYMEN crown'd his eager love.
Now peace and happiness appear to spread
Their flattering pinions o'er his favor'd head,
Love every joy, and every charm supplies,
And marks each golden moment as it flies.
Ah hapless pair! the short-lived bliss enjoy,
Soon shall impending clouds your calm destroy;
Even now, with more than mortal vengeance red,
The tempest bursts on each devoted head.

Ten quick-revolving moons had roll'd away,
And smiling transport crown'd each happy day;
When various symptoms to the world disclose
MARIA soon must feel a mother's throes:
The busy neighbours round the tale proclaim,
And scowling envy triumphs in her shame.
At length the generous youth distress'd to hear
Each clownish tongue her reputation tear,
Throws with indignant scorn the veil aside,
And owns the fair MARIA for his bride.
Soon as his cruel mother heard the tale,
Swift grows her cheek with trembling anger pale,
In vain his youth, in vain her beauties plead,
Instant revenge must wait the imprudent deed;
No worth could please to peasants when allied,
No charms disarm the force of female pride.
Say did thy father such distinctions find,
Amidst the equal race of human kind,
When his keen sword he drew in freedom's cause,
And bled to vindicate her trampled laws?

While

While rage, and hate the ruthless matron fire,
She bears the fatal tidings to his fire,
Tries every art a father's wrath to move,
Awake his vengeance, and subdue his love.
With savage cruelty they now divide
The hapless HAMPDEN, from his weeping bride:
She rends her hair, and beats her breast in vain,
Torn from her arms he seeks the distant main.
It chanced that BRITAIN's hardy sons prepare
To pour on haughty SPAIN their naval war.—
Brief let me be, the winds propitious blew,
Proud o'er the waves the gallant navy flew,
Aloft her purple wings VICTORIA spread,
IBERIA saw, she trembled, and she fled;
While BRITAIN's valiant chiefs exulting bore
The spoils of conquest to their native shore;
Ah gallant youth! nor native shore, nor friend,
Shall e'er to thee their welcome fight extend;
Far on a hostile coast thy body lies,
Wash'd by rude waves, or scorched by sultry skies.

When

When sad MARIA heard the tale of woe,
From her full eyes no gushing torrents flow,
No current gives her burthen'd breast relief,
But pale she fullen sits in silent grief;
Till her heart bursting with redoubled sighs,
She calls her much lov'd HAMPDEN's name, and dies.—
The haughty parents, then alas too late!
Mourn their unhappy son's disastrous fate,
Grieve for the deadly woes themselves supplied,
Tear their gray locks, and curse their foolish pride;
Pour tears of anguish o'er MARIA's grave,
And weep the victims whom they would not save.

Turn from these solemn scenes the averted head,
The awful mansions of the silent dead!
To where the green-rob'd Dryads joyful rove
'Midst the thick foliage of yon echoing grove,
Ah blissful seats! beneath whose pleasing shade,
My childhood, and my youth have jocund stray'd;
Here first my eyes beheld the gems that shine
Bright, and resplendent from the classic mine;

While

While as I gazed my youthful bosom glow'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd numbers flow'd.
Here far from every selfish passion's reach,
Which mixing with the world too oft will teach;
I pour'd to real love one artless tear,
And breath'd at friendship's shrine the vow sincere.
The Muses here their grateful offerings pay,
And dedicate to you their closing lay,
Nor ask a brighter wreath to grace their song,
Than verdant grows these waving woods among.
Blest, happy regions! seats of joy and ease!
Which still have pleas'd me, and must ever please;
Should e'er a tyrant's sway, or faction's roar,
Drive Liberty from this her native shore;
Though following her, I'd rather friendless go
Through AFRIC's burning wastes, or ZEMBLA's snow,
Than haunt these much-loved shades, and favorite springs,
Rob'd of the joys that independence brings:
Yet should I wander to a fairer plain
That thought can paint, or youthful fancy feign;
Still should I load with sighs the reckless wind,
Still weep those darling scenes I left behind.

If this be weakness! from my beating heart
O never!—never! may that weakness part,
Or reasoning pride a prejudice remove,
On whose foundation stands my country's love,
But far from us such sad resource shall be,
If aught the MUSE prophetic can foresee;
Still PEACE, and heavenly LIBERTY, shall smile
With wonted sweetness on their long-loved isle;
Pale TYRANNY avoid the hostile shore,
And FACTION lift her scorpion scourge no more;
Each freeborn swain still reap with thankful hand
Secure from wrongs, the produce of his land:
And lovely FARINGDON! my voice shall still
Or in thy groves, or on this healthful hill,
In rustic numbers sing the happy plains,
Where FREEDOM triumphs, and where BRUNSWICK reigns.



F I N I S.